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No. 304.

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S TROUBLES

A Farce in One Act

BY
JESSIE A. KELLEY

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A PHOTOGRAPHER'S TROUBLES

CHARACTERS.

PHOTOGRAPHER.....	Mr. UNHAPPY
MRS. HARLOW.....	<i>A fond mother</i>
MILDRED HARLOW	
GRACE HARLOW	
	<i>.....Adults dressed as children</i>
MR. SARGENT.....	<i>Very wealthy</i>
MRS. JOTHAM.....	<i>Very stout</i>
MISS SLIGHT.....	<i>Very thin</i>
MRS. NEWRICH.....	<i>Bound to have ancestors</i>
MR. WRONG.....	<i>Who is all wrong</i>
MRS. CHANGED.....	<i>Who doesn't know herself</i>
RUBE and SAL.....	<i>Who won't be cheated</i>

If desired all the parts can be taken by women simply changing Mr. to Mrs. in all cases except Rube's. His part could readily be taken by a woman dressed in man's clothes with a long, old-fashioned linen duster reaching almost to the floor.

COSTUMES.

MRS. HARLOW. Grotesque attire.

MILDRED and GRACE. Made up to look as plain and ungainly as possible. Mildred could have something put over two front teeth to make them appear missing. Freckles would be an addition.

4 A PHOTOGRAPHER'S TROUBLES.

MR. SARGENT. Very showy suit and necktie—much striking looking jewelry—has an enormous wart on nose which may be made of gum.

MRS. JOTHAM. Rather careless and untidy in dress or grotesque costume.

MISS SLIGHT. Clothes to accentuate slimness—grotesque and old maidish.

MRS. NEWRICH. Very much overdressed in the exaggerated style of the day, carries lorgnette.

MRS. CHANGED. Well dressed in ordinary street costume.

RUBE and SAL. As ridiculous a country make-up as possible. They carry old-fashioned valise and old green umbrella.

Other characters in ordinary dress or grotesque.

STAGE ARRANGEMENT.

The stage should be arranged to represent a photographer's studio with a large camera on tripod, photos on walls and table, some chairs and screens standing about and a mirror, which should be much used by the customers, on the wall.

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S TROUBLES

PHOTOGRAPHER. (*Working over camera*) I wonder what freaks I'll have here this morning. A photographer's studio is a great place to study human nature, the fat want to look thin, the thin want to look fat, the cross want to look pleasant, the jolly want to look sad, the old want to look young, the young want to look old, the tall want to look short, the short want to look tall and every other change that could imaginably be rung in on human looks. Ho, hum, it's a discontented old world.

(MRS. HARLOW *enters with* MILDRED *and* GRACE.)

MRS. HARLOW. Good morning. Are you the photographer?

PHOTOGRAPHER. Yes, I am

MRS. HARLOW. Do you take real good pictures?

PHOTOGRAPHER. The very best. I'll put my work up beside anybody's.

MRS. HARLOW. Do you take children's pictures?

PHOTOGRAPHER. Yes, indeed, I make a specialty of children's pictures.

MILDRED. I don't want my picture took. I had

a tooth pulled out and it hurt awful and I bet it hurts worse to have your picture took.

PHOTOGRAPHER. No, indeed, my little lady, it doesn't hurt a bit. I could put you in that pretty chair over there and give you a nice book to look at and it would be done in a minute.

MRS. HARLOW. How much do you charge?

PHOTOGRAPHER. Five dollars a dozen.

MRS. HARLOW. Five dollars a dozen! Why, I only have these two beautiful children and I don't care about paying for pictures of the neighbors' children.

PHOTOGRAPHER. You misunderstand me, madam, I mean five dollars for a dozen pictures of your two lovely children.

MRS. HARLOW. Oh, I thought you meant I had to have a dozen children.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Do you wish to have them taken together or separate?

MRS. HARLOW. Oh, I want the little darlings together. They do love each other so much and they have such angelic dispositions!

(MILDRED and GRACE have been hitting one another, pulling hair, making faces, etc.)

PHOTOGRAPHER. Well, take off their hats and coats and fix their hair and we'll soon have a fine picture of them. They are such beautiful children they will make a lovely picture. (*Aside*) That always fixes the mother. Strange how much flattery women will swallow about their children. They're the homeliest kids I've seen for a long time.

MRS. HARLOW. (*Arranging MILDRED'S hair*) Yes, everybody says they are beautiful. I am getting their pictures taken to send to the beauty contest that is running in our paper. (*To MILDRED*) Now stand still while I get your hair fixed nice.

MILDRED. I don't want my hair fixed nice. I

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S TROUBLES. 7

won't have any old picture took. (*Rumples hair*)

MRS. HARLOW. See how little sister lets me fix hers. Come over here, Gracie dear. (*GRACE begins to howl and kick*)

GRACE. I want to go home! I want to go home! I don't like that man's face.

MRS. HARLOW. Sh, Gracie dear!

GRACE. I don't care, I don't like him and I won't sh! He's got a face like a monkey and I hate him. I'm going home. (*GRACE rushes for door, MRS. HARLOW grabs her*)

MRS. HARLOW. No, you are not going home. I haven't dressed you all up in your best clothes for nothing. You are going to have your pictures taken now I have you all ready. Let me fix your hair.

GRACE. I won't, I won't, I won't.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Come over here and see what I have in this box. (*PHOTOGRAPHER opens box a very little and peeps in*)

MILDRED. I don't care what's in your old box, I ain't going to look.

PHOTOGRAPHER. (*Peeping in box*) Isn't it cunning? See its little eyes! (*MILDRED and GRACE edge over slowly while he keeps talking and finally look in the box*) Now, if you are nice little girls and sit over in that chair I'll let you take this box home with you. Come along!

(*MILDRED and GRACE rather unwillingly are led to the chair. PHOTOGRAPHER poses them and goes to camera. MILDRED slaps GRACE.*)

MRS. HARLOW. What *did* you do that for, Mildred?

MILDRED. She kicked me and she's taking up all the room.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Now I shall have to fix you all over again. (*Again poses them, goes back to camera*)

8 A PHOTOGRAPHER'S TROUBLES.

MRS. HARLOW. Oh, dear, Mildred's hair doesn't look nice now (*Fixes MILDRED's hair*) and Grace your dress is all wrinkled up (*Arranges dress*)

PHOTOGRAPHER. All ready now, just smile a little. Look at this little fellow. (*Dangles some doll or monkey*) Now. (*Snaps camera just as MILDRED sticks out tongue at GRACE*) You've spoiled that plate, stuck out your tongue just as I snapped it. I'll try once more. I think, perhaps, madam, if you should go out I could do better with the children.

MRS. HARLOW. Now be good, little angels.

MILDRED. I ain't no angel and I don't want to be no angel.

(*MRS. HARLOW goes out.*)

PHOTOGRAPHER. You'd better be an angel for a few minutes. (*Poses them again*) Now if you dare to move out of that position I'll shut you both up in that dark closet over there and it's full of rats. Do you hear?

MILDRED and GRACE. (*Very meekly*) Yes, sir.

(*PHOTOGRAPHER goes to camera, dangles toy.*)

PHOTOGRAPHER. Now, smile. (*MILDRED and GRACE look rather frightened and sober*) Smile, I tell you. If you don't, into that closet you go. (*They smile feebly and he snaps camera*) All right. You may come in now, madam. (*MRS. HARLOW enters*) You can get down now, girls. They behaved beautifully. (*MRS. HARLOW and children get on wraps*) The proofs will be ready to-morrow. Shall I mail them or will you call?

MRS. HARLOW. I will call. I can hardly wait to see how the beautiful darlings look in a picture.

PHOTOGRAPHER. You can pay two dollars now and the rest when you get the pictures.

MRS. HARLOW. I don't know as I ought to have

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S TROUBLES. 9

had these pictures taken now as my husband has been out of work for some time and we owe six months' rent and a big bill at the grocer's but I told my husband I didn't know any easier way to make five hundred dollars than to have these lovely darlings' pictures taken and sent in to the beauty contest. I'm sure they'll win first prize. Don't you think so?

PHOTOGRAPHER. They surely will (*Aside*) not.

(GRACE hits MILDRED.)

MILDRED. Stop, quick, he'll put us in that closet.

(*Both look at PHOTOGRAPHER who points to closet.*
MR. SARGENT enters.)

PHOTOGRAPHER. Good morning, Mr. Sargent. Fine morning.

MR. SARGENT. Great! That portrait of mine all finished now?

PHOTOGRAPHER. Yes, all done, I'll show it to you in just a minute. (*To MRS. HARLOW and children who are going out*) I'll have the proofs all ready by ten to-morrow.

(*MRS. HARLOW and children go out. MILDRED puts head in door and sticks out tongue.*)

MILDRED. You hateful old thing, you don't dare to put me in that closet.

(*PHOTOGRAPHER makes move towards her, she slams door and runs.*)

PHOTOGRAPHER. That's the homeliest, hatefulest kid I've seen for a long time and her fond mother thinks her a vision of goodness and loveliness. Queer things these mothers are! (*Gets large*

10 A PHOTOGRAPHER'S TROUBLES.

picture) Just finished this yesterday. I think it a speaking likeness, I've caught such a natural expression. Don't you think so?

MR. SARGENT. (*Looking at it critically*) Not bad, Mr. Unhappy, not at all bad but you've left out a most essential feature.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Excuse me but I thought you wouldn't care to have the—the—er—er—the—er—the wart put in the picture.

MR. SARGENT. (*Angrily*) Wart, sir! Wart! Who said anything about a wart? I'd thank you to mind your own business. I don't want any wart in the picture but confound it, I do want my diamonds to show. What did you think I was having a picture painted for if it wasn't to let folks know I have diamonds.

PHOTOGRAPHER. I can easily remedy that. Let me see how many diamonds you have. (*Looks at MR. SARGENT'S jewelry*) All right, I'll put them in for you.

MR. SARGENT. You might put in a few more than I have on. I'll pay you ten dollars extra for every one you can work in. I'm going to send this portrait to a lady friend of mine and I want it to make a hit with her.

PHOTOGRAPHER. I'll make you shine like the stars and have it all ready for you to-morrow.

MR. SARGENT. All right, be sure to put in all the diamonds you possibly can. Good morning.

(*Exit MR. SARGENT. Enter MRS. JOTHAM.*)

PHOTOGRAPHER. Good morning, madam. What can I do for you this morning?

MRS. JOTHAM. I've come to hev my pictur took. My folks hev been a peskerin' of me fur some time but las' time I hed one took you'd hev thought ter look at it I wuz a stout woman and you kin see at one look I'm inclined ter be slim. I wuz

so disgusted with 'em I burned 'em all up and I ain't never tried sence. Do you think you can take a pictur that will make me look as slim as I ralely be.

PHOTOGRAPHER. We'll see what we can do. Look these pictures over and see what position you would like. (*Hands her some photos which she looks over*)

MRS. JOTHAM. I don't jest like any of these. (*Spies very large picture of slight, stylish girl on wall, goes over to it*) Now thet's a right smart lookin' pictur an' jest about my size and style I should say. Do you think I could stand like thet? (*Tries to pose like picture*) Guess thet's about it, ain't it?

PHOTOGRAPHER. Stand right over here and we'll try what we can do. Do you want to keep your hat on?

MRS. JOTHAM. Yes (*Points to picture*) she hez hers on and I want mine to look jest like hers.

PHOTOGRAPHER. (*Twisting Mrs. JOTHAM's head*) There, hold your head just so.

(*Mrs. JOTHAM holds her head very stiff.*)

PHOTOGRAPHER. No, not so stiff, hold it naturally. So. (*Poses head*)

MRS. JOTHAM. Let me get another look at the way that gal is holdin' hers. So? Hev I got it now?

PHOTOGRAPHER. No. (*Takes hold of head, turns it one way, then another, then goes and looks through camera, comes back and adjusts again, bending over her*)

MRS. JOTHAM. Fur the land's sakes! I didn't know but you wuz agoin' ter kiss me and I warn you that you'd better not or Josiah'd make it warm fur you. He's turrible jealous, is Josiah.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Don't be at all alarmed, madam. (*Gives head another turn, looks through camera*)

12 A PHOTOGRAPHER'S TROUBLES.

Very good, now one, two, three, ready. All done, madam.

(MRS. JOTHAM *looks at picture on wall again.*)

MRS. JOTHAM. Guess my folks will be powerful pleased when they see the stylish pictur I hev. I hope it'll look jest like thet gal.

PHOTOGRAPHER. You pay two dollars down and the rest when your pictures are ready.

MRS. JOTHAM. Indeed and I call that cheeky. How do I know I like 'em and then where'll my two dollars be?

PHOTOGRAPHER. You'll have to pay that before I go ahead with the pictures.

MRS. JOTHAM. Here 'tis then but I tell you now if the picturs ben't rale slim and stylish lookin' jest like I be I shan't take one of 'em. I must hurry up an' buy some socks fur Josiah and get home to dinner. I left a biled dinner a cookin' on the stove.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Your proofs will be ready to-morrow.

MRS. JOTHAM. All right, but be sure to make 'em rale slim an' stylish looking or I shan't take 'em.

(*Exit MRS. JOTHAM. Enter MISS SLIGHT.*)

MISS SLIGHT. I want to get a picture of myself that doesn't look like a string bean. Every picture I have looks like a skeleton, and I've answered an advertisement in a matrimonial paper and I've had a real nice letter from a young man and he wants my picture and I shouldn't wonder if I'd get him if I can only get the right kind of a picture. Do you think you could take a picture of me that would look real plump?

PHOTOGRAPHER. I'll do the best I can.

MISS SLIGHT. I want you to help me so I am going to tell you just the truth. Are you all alone?

PHOTOGRAPHER. Yes, all alone.

MISS SLIGHT. I've been trying for twenty years to get a husband and have never been able to. Now I think this is a chance and it may be my last one so I don't want to lose it so please do help me all you can. If I can only get a nice, plump looking picture that er—that—well—that doesn't look any older than I am I feel he will propose in the next letter. He has written me such a sweet letter. I wear it over my heart all the time. Oh, it will break my heart if I lose this one! I have had so many disappointments.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Cheer up, I think we can fix up a picture that will make him propose in short order.

MISS SLIGHT. Oh, if you only can, you'll have my everlasting gratitude and I'll remember you in my prayers every night. (*MISS SLIGHT arranges hair and dress before mirror*)

PHOTOGRAPHER. Now right here, sit down in this chair. (*Adjusts*) There, that position—no—just so—that's better. Now let me put something in your cheeks to fill them out. (*Puts something inside each cheek*) There, that's better. (*Runs to camera, looks, then back again to MISS SLIGHT*) A little more this way—so—yes. (*Takes another look through camera*) Your face looks quite plump but your hands look too skinny. Here, let me drape this shawl over your shoulders and cover your hands. There, that's better. (*Another look through camera*) I'll loosen that shawl over the shoulders so you'll look stouter. (*Looks through camera again*) That's fine, only one cheek looks fatter than the other. We must fix that or he'll think you have mumps on one side. (*Goes to MISS SLIGHT and pushes bunch around in cheek*) Does that hurt you?

14 A PHOTOGRAPHER'S TROUBLES.

MISS SLIGHT. (*Holding onto cheeks and trying to talk*) Yes, it hurts but I don't care if I only can get a picture that will make that dear, lovely young man propose to me.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Now, your hair, let me arrange that. (*Pulls and fixes hair, the more ridiculous the better, looks through camera*) There, if that picture wouldn't melt a heart of stone, what would?

MISS SLIGHT. If it will only melt his heart! His letter has melted mine. (*Holds hand over heart*)

PHOTOGRAPHER. Now smile sweetly. (MISS SLIGHT *tries to smile and disarranges check stuffing*) Oh, dear, the other cheek has the mumps now. (*Arranges check again*) Now, try to smile carefully so it won't disarrange the stuffing. (MISS SLIGHT *smiles a very stiff, forced smile and holds herself in a very tense position. PHOTOGRAPHER at camera*) All ready, ready—Done.

MISS SLIGHT. (*Removes check padding and draws a long breath*) Oh, do you think I'll look plump? I'm so anxious I shan't sleep a wink to-night. Oh, if it will only look young and pretty and plump.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Just had a stout woman in here that wanted a thin picture. Too bad you and she couldn't change back again quick enough. Human couldn't change back again quik eonugh. Human nature is never suited.

MISS SLIGHT. Do you think I'll look real stylish in the picture?

PHOTOGRAPHER. I expect it'll be a stunner.

MISS SLIGHT. Oh, I am so glad and I'll send it to the dear man right off and you shall be invited to the wedding and have a piece of the wedding cake. I'm going to wear a long veil with orange blossoms and I'll have you take another picture of me in my bridal dress. It was so nice of you to help me. Do finish it up quick, won't you, so I can

mail it just as soon as possible. I shouldn't wonder a bit if some bold women had sent him their pictures already.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Yes, I'll do it just as soon as I can. (*Aside*) I don't know but I'll be arrested for conspiracy in fraudulent use of the mail. (*Aloud*) Three dollars now and the rest when they are finished.

MISS SLIGHT. I'll give every cent I own in the world if I can only get a nice, plump picture. Do hurry, won't you, I just can't stand this dreadful suspense much longer. I'm afraid I'm getting thinner every day. Do please go right to work at them. Good-bye.

(*Exit* MISS SLIGHT. *Enter* MRS. NEWRICH.)

MRS. NEWRICH. (*Very haughty manner*) I have come to see about having pictures of my father and mother to hang in our family galley. Them horrid Van Dusens next to us think they are so much better than we be just because they have a whole row of horrid, old fashioned looking creatures they call their anticesters hanging in their hall or galley, is it, they call it.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Perhaps you mean gallery, do you?

MRS. NEWRICH. Yes, come to think of it I guess that was it. Some furrin word I s'pose. Now we have a lot more money than that horrid, proud Van Dusen family if we did make it peddling fish and I'm just going to show them I have some anticesters too.

PHOTOGRAPHER. For what day did you want to make the appointment for your father and mother to sit for their pictures?

MRS. NEWRICH. Sit for their pictures! Why, they've been dead these twenty years.

16 A PHOTOGRAPHER'S TROUBLES.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Oh, you have some pictures you wish copied.

MRS. NEWRICH. No, they never had a picture taken in their lives.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Well, I hardly see how I am going to make any pictures of them for you. I never saw them in my life.

MRS. NEWRICH. Isn't that a picture of David over there?

PHOTOGRAPHER. Yes, it is.

MRS. NEWRICH. Did you paint it?

PHOTOGRAPHER. Yes.

MRS. NEWRICH. Did you ever see David?

PHOTOGRAPHER. No.

MRS. NEWRICH. Well, if you can paint a picture of him, you can paint one of my father and mother, can't you?

PHOTOGRAPHER. Perhaps so.

MRS. NEWRICH. And I don't want no old-fashioned clothes on them either like them Van Dusens have on their family poultrices.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Portraits you mean?

MRS. NEWRICH. I'd be ashamed to have poultrices of my grandfather and grandmother look as old-fashioned as theirs do. I want them both dressed in the very latest style and be sure to wave mother's hair though she never would crimp it one bit and put a good high collar on father. He never wore a collar in his life but he's got to wear one in this picture. It always did try me so to see him going around without any collar on.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Wait a minute, I think I have some pictures that will do for your father and mother. (*Goes to one side of stage and brings over two framed portraits*). There, that is your father.

MRS. NEWRICH. You don't say so. Well, I should'n't have known him, he has changed so but perhaps having a collar on makes him look different. He looks real swell though. I shan't be

ashamed to hang his poultice in my family galley.

(PHOTOGRAPHER *hands her the other portrait.*)

PHOTOGRAPHER. And this is your mother.

MRS. NEWRICH. So that is mother. She's changed awfully too. Grown a lot younger but she's real stylish looking too. I should never have known her. How much do you charge for father's and mother's pictures?

PHOTOGRAPHER. Those will be two hundred dollars. (*Aside*) And they're not worth two cents.

MRS. NEWRICH. Very well, I will send you a check for them. I rather think Mrs. Van Dusen will ask me to her next card party after I show her these swell looking poultices of my anticesters. Now I want you to do some of Mr. Newrich's father and mother right off and be sure to make them right up to date and stylish. I'm not going to have them Van Dusens say my anticesters didn't have no stylish clothes to wear. My li-mouse-ine is waiting.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Will you take the portraits with you?

MRS. NEWRICH. Yes, my "chafer" will take them and hang them right up for me and I'll ask Mrs. Van Dusen to come in to see them this afternoon. She's given me a good many hits about my anticesters but when she sees these poultices she'll wish she'd kept still. I expect 'twill make her turribly ashamed of her old-fashioned looking anticesters.

PHOTOGRAPHER. I will carry them down for you.

(MR. WRONG *enters.*)

PHOTOGRAPHER. (*To MR. WRONG*) I'll be back in just a minute. Some magazines on the table

18 A PHOTOGRAPHER'S TROUBLES.

you can look at while you're waiting. (PHOTOGRAPHER *and* MRS. NEWRICH *go out*)

MR. WRONG. (*Looking at magazines*) Feeding of Infants, June 1888. Well, I'm not much interested in the feeding of infants and that infant must be pretty well grown up now—1888—twenty-eight years old. Nothing like keeping up to date reading matter on your tables. The Love Letter Guide, 1890—afraid those have been used so much every girl in the country knows them by heart. Guess that's too heavy reading for me. (*Looks at photos*) Pretty good looking, that. This one looks as if it were a painful operation. Perhaps I'll think so before I get through.

(PHOTOGRAPHER *enters*.)

PHOTOGRAPHER. All ready now. Want your picture taken?

MR. WRONG. Yes, I thought I'd try it.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Do you want a sitting or a standing position?

MR. WRONG. I think I'd better sit, my knees feel rather weak already.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Sit right there then. So. (*Adjusts him, turning head sideways, goes to camera, gives one look, rushes out and twists MR. WRONG'S head*) Your face is altogether wrong.

MR. WRONG. You needn't tell me of it, I've known it for years.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Altogether wrong. (*Twists head making it nearly face camera*) I think your face would be better seven-eighths' full.

MR. WRONG. I've thought that myself but my wife objects to my getting even half full.

(PHOTOGRAPHER *gives head another twist*.)

PHOTOGRAPHER. I don't like your head. (*An-*

other twist, rushes to camera, takes look, dodges out again) Smile a little.

(MR. WRONG *smiles a very forced unnatural smile.*)

PHOTOGRAPHER. Stop it quick. (*Goes to camera*) Open your mouth a little. (MR. WRONG *opens mouth*) Close it, close it. Your ears look too big.

MR. WRONG. Perhaps you could cut off a piece of them.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Roll your eyes up a little. (MR. WRONG *rolls eyes almost out of sight*)

PHOTOGRAPHER. No, that won't do. (*Comes over to MR. WRONG*) Don't hold on to the chair as if it was going to run away. Put your hands on your knees—so—now throw out your lungs—now look right at the camera. (*Goes to camera*)

PHOTOGRAPHER. I don't quite like the face now—the nose and mouth are not right.

MR. WRONG. (*Jumping up*) I've stood enough of your talk. This face is mine, not yours, I've carried it round for forty years and have got rather attached to it. The mouth is mine and if it doesn't suit you I can't help it and my nose has been a pretty useful friend for a good many years and if you don't like them you can lump them. You needn't take a picture of my features if they don't suit you. (*Gets on hat*) Perhaps I'll call again some day if I decide to have my face remodeled.

(MR. WRONG *goes out, slamming door.*)

PHOTOGRAPHER. Well, I never, what's the matter with him?

(*Enter MRS. CHANGED.*)

20 A PHOTOGRAPHER'S TROUBLES.

MRS. CHANGED. Is my proof ready?

PHOTOGRAPHER. All ready. (*Goes to table or desk, gets proof, both look at it*) Fine, isn't it?

MRS. CHANGED. Y-e-es, but is that me?

PHOTOGRAPHER. Of course.

MRS. CHANGED. The mouth doesn't look just like mine.

PHOTOGRAPHER. No, yours was too large altogether so I retouched it and made it smaller.

(MRS. CHANGED *studies proof a minute.*)

MRS. CHANGED. I can't make the eyes look like mine.

PHOTOGRAPHER. No, I retouched those too and made them a little larger. Came out fine, didn't they?

MRS. CHANGED. Do you think so? Do my eyebrows look like that?

PHOTOGRAPHER. No, your eyebrows aren't heavy enough so I darkened them a good deal.

MRS. CHANGED. My hair doesn't look at all natural, I haven't such a high forehead as that.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Yes, I don't like the hair low on the forehead so by a new process I have I was enabled to push the hair back thus raising the line of the forehead.

MRS. CHANGED. The only thing that looks natural is my nose. That looks just like mine.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Don't worry about that, madam. I can remedy that when I come to print the pictures. I could even remove it altogether if necessary.

MRS. CHANGED. (*Indignantly*) See here, this thing has gone far enough. I came here for a photograph—something that looked like me, crazy as you may think it. I wanted something that would show my face as Nature made it, I wanted something my relatives might have to look at after

I'm gone to help them remember how I looked. But what have you done? You have changed every feature but my nose. Go ahead with your dastardly work, take off my nose if you want to, cut off my ears, fix my hair the way it never was in this world, blacken my eyebrows, correct my eyes and any other old thing you want to—then when you have done it all, keep it for yourself, I have no use whatever for it. Good-day, sir.

(*Exit MRS. CHANGED.*)

PHOTOGRAPHER. Well, I do declare if some folks aren't terrible ungrateful!

(*Enter RUBE and SAL with large old-fashioned valise and umbrella.*)

RUBE. Me and my gal want to hev our picturs took.

PHOTOGRAPHER. All right, I'll be glad to take them for you.

RUBE. Yes, I've brung Sal up ter the city to show her the sights and I'm a spendin' money right and left. Don't know what maw'll think of it. Spent ten cents already sence we struck the place but what's the use of hevin' money if yer can't spend it, I say. Wal, me and Sal want ter hev two tin types took so's she kin hev one ter keep and I kin hev one.

PHOTOGRAPHER. I don't do that kind of work.

RUBE. I thought you sed you took picturs.

PHOTOGRAPHER. I do, but not that kind. Let me show you some of my work. (*Hands them some photos*) What style do you prefer?

RUBE. Say, Sal, you're great on style. (*To PHOTOGRAPHER*) She's great on style. If there's anything you want ter know about style you jest ask Sal.

22 A PHOTOGRAPHER'S TROUBLES.

SAL. Oh, Rube, you make me blush.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Would you like a full length picture or just a bust?

SAL. (*Aside to RUBE*) Law sakes, Rube, he's a turrible, ignorant man. He said bust and paw told me to allus say burst.

RUBE. By gosh, Sal, but you air mighty smart. You put these air city folks in the shade any day.

SAL. (*To PHOTOGRAPHER*) No, we don't want no *burst* picture. We want a hull length one, don't we, Rubie?

RUBE. Sure we do. What we want is a couple of picturs of me an' Sal aholdin' hands.

SAL. (*Simpering*) Oh, Rube!

PHOTOGRAPHER. Well, take your position here. (*RUBE grabs up valise and umbrella to take with him*) You don't want those in the picture, put them over there.

RUBE. Not by a goshed dinged sight. I ain't agoin' ter take no chances of hevin' these air vallerbles stole.

PHOTOGRAPHER. They will be perfectly safe over there.

RUBE. No, sirc, I don't take no chances. Thet valise hez only bin used a few times, paw got it when he got married to kerry his biled shirt in and this air umberell is wuth as much as forty-nine cents. Maw allus believes in buying good things if they do come high. I'll jest keep them right here whar I kin keep my eye on 'em.

PHOTOGRAPHER. Well, take the position you wish. (*RUBE and SAL hold hands and take a very awkward, ungainly position. PHOTOGRAPHER goes to camera and puts head under cloth*)

SAL. Wot's he doin' thet for, Rube?

RUBE. I dunno.

SAL. Say, do you s'pose he's laffin' at us and hidin' his head so's we won't see him. Let go my

hand, Rube. I know he's jest laffin' at us behind that cloth.

RUBE. Wal, who cares if he is and while he's got his head under thet air cloth I'm agoin' ter giv you a good smack.

SAL. No, you ain't neither, Rube, I'll slap your face if you darst.

PHOTOGRAPHER. All ready. Look pleasant. (RUBE gets on a very strained, peculiar expression)

SAL. You don't want ter look like thet in the pictur.

RUBE. Look like what?

SAL. I don't know *what* but you're turrible funny lookin'. Iron your face out.

PHOTOGRAPHER. All ready, smile a little. There, look pleasant, pleasant. (RUBE and SAL gaze at camera with stern, unflinching faces, grasps one another's hands very tightly and hold themselves in very stiff, unnatural attitude) Now, all ready—All over.

SAL. I'm turrible glad it's over.

RUBE. When will them picturs be ready? In about ten minutes?

PHOTOGRAPHER. No, about ten days.

RUBE. Ten days! Why, I hed my pictur took onct at the Skodunk Fair and they hed it ready in ten minutes. You must be gosh dinged slow.

PHOTOGRAPHER. That was a different quality of work. You can pay part of the money now and the rest when you get them.

RUBE. Now, you jest look a here, you needn't be a takin' me fur no greenhorn cuz I've got my eye teeth cut if I be from the country. You don't git one cent of my money till I git them picturs in my paw.

PHOTOGRAPHER. That is the rule, all my customers do that. The price is two dollars and you can pay one dollar now and the other dollar when you receive the pictures.

RUBE. Two dollars! Do you think I want ter buy out your hull place? No, siree, the old farm is good enuff fur me and Sal. I'm willin' ter pay ten cents when I get 'em but not one cent more will I pay. I'm not ez green ez you think I be and I don't buy none of your gold bricks.

PHOTOGRAPHER. I can't let you have them any less.

RUBE. Come on, Sal, I expect he wants to keep them air picturs of ourn to put in some of these air beauty contests I've heern tell of. Wal, he kin if he wants ter. We'll go and find a place whar they *do* take tin types. Come on, Sal, hang on to thet air umberell.

SAL. I hev it all right.

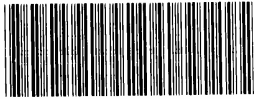
RUBE. (*To PHOTOGRAPHER*) Guess p'raps you'll know better than ter try yer gum games on the next folks thet come in. I've a good mind ter tell the perlice about you. Come on, Sal.

(SAL and RUBE go out.)

PHOTOGRAPHER. (*Angrily pacing to and fro, rumpling up hair*) If a photographer's life isn't enough to drive a man crazy I'd like to know what is. I'm sick and tired of the whole business and I'm going to sell out the first chance I get. Yes, sir, I'm going right out now and get an ad in this afternoon's paper and I hope I'll sell it before I go to bed to-night or I don't know but I'll be a raving maniac. (*PHOTOGRAPHER puts on hat and rushes out, slamming door*)

CURTAIN.

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